

YALE 29, PRINCETON 5.

FIFTY WARRANTS ISSUED FOR DIVES.

Wholesale Arrests Are Planned—York's Confession of Guilt and Bishop Potter's Charges Make Great Sensation in Police Circles.

Devery and All His Captains Shocked—Officials Trying to Save Themselves by Belated Activity—Potter Will Ignore Croker.

Fifty warrants for dive-keepers were issued in the Centre Street Police Court this afternoon. District Attorney Gardiner secured them.

The police are in a panic. President York's confession and Bishop Potter's letter to the Mayor, emanating from the punishment of Captains Herlihy and Diamond, are responsible for the police fright.

Bishop Potter will have nothing to do with the Tammany vice crusade. President York called the police captains of Brooklyn together this afternoon and told them all dives must be closed. Wholesale arrests of dive-keepers are expected.

Richard Croker sailed for Europe at noon. His last words were: "Keep up the war on vice."

Vice Inquiry Begins.

Devery's next move is now awaited with interest. Within a week the Tammany Vice Committee will have begun its investigation of the conditions complained of by Bishop Potter. It is expected there will be a scurrying to "clean up things" so that the boasts of a purified city can be made good.

Mr. York directly charges that the police have not done their duty heretofore.

"It is useless to deny the truth," said President York. "The hopeless thing about these attempts at reform in the vice situation is the distrust among the people that the police are not doing what they can to correct the evils because of considerations of various kinds that they receive."

"That is the whole trouble. Nobody knows that better than we do. It is charged that the police take money for protecting these places."

Cites Dougherty's Case.

"It is mighty hard to prove that captains accept tribute. It may be morally proved, but it is next to impossible to prove such a thing in court. This is apparent when it is remembered that every man except one who was dismissed after the Lexow investigation for that sort of thing is now back on the force, and even Capt. Dougherty, who was convicted in two Appellate Courts, has been pardoned and Gov. Roosevelt has signed a bill to give him a new trial."

"They talk about a State Constabulary helping matters. That is all rot. The captains are not doing these kinds of things on account of politics. There are just as many men of one party in that kind of business as of another. I repeat what I have said before that a one-headed police commission is the best change that could come to the Police Department. Vice can't be stopped; it can only be regulated. We can't keep vicious people indoors either. When there is no law but the law by which we can keep them inside."

Hypocritical laws give corrupt men the chance they want. The social evil will exist. The best we can do is to regulate it and treat its existence sanely."

Chief Devery admitted to-day that he had "instructed" his detectives to report on all "complaints" against places where disorderly persons carry on their businesses.

"This department," said the Chief, "is in existence to deter, detect and to punish."



"Gentlemen, the dives must be closed! Spare no one. If any man sees a guilty dollar, don't let it get away!"

APPALLING TRAFFIC IN EAST SIDE GIRLS.

So deeply has the taint of vice eaten its way into the life of the east side that a gang of procurers has become an organized institution there.

There is a president and a general fund devoted to the defense of any members who shall be molested by the law.

The rate paid these men for their work ranges from \$5 up. They are in league with keepers of disorderly houses throughout the city.

Of late they have grown very confident, as was shown this morning by the testimony in the case of Morris Cohen, arrested by Gerry Society agents.

Agents Meier and Barclay, of the society, arrested Cohen, who is also known as Fred Watson, and who lives at 88 Park avenue, Brooklyn. The girl he is charged with abducting and selling for \$5 is Mollie Weinstein, fifteen years old, of 312 East Fourth street.

The prisoner was trapped after the victim's father had found her in a disreputable house. The procurer had taken her there after dragging her in a rear room of McDuck's saloon.

How Trap Was Laid.

It was arranged that the girl should write a note, making an appointment at Eldridge and Grand streets. The agents followed them and later, they saw Cohen lead her to a disreputable house in East Tenth street, where he got \$5 again for the girl. She was immediately rescued and the man was arrested.

In the Essex Market Court this morning he was held for trial on the charge of abduction—the most serious that could be brought against him. Detectives who saw him say his picture is in the "Herald" gallery.

Organized Band That Sells Girls for \$5 Has a Fund to Defeat the Law.

To an Evening World reporter Gerry Agent Meier said:

"These are the most difficult cases to deal with that we have. It is seldom that any testimony can be brought into court except that of the victim himself, and that is usually held to need corroboration."

"It is a shocking form of vice and now very prevalent on the east side. The vice gang that engages in the traffic has become a regularly organized body, banded together to defeat the efforts of the law."

"The girl victims are often too modest to come forward with testimony that might convict. They are, as a rule, very young, not more than fifteen, and some that are sacrificed are even as young as thirteen."

"A jury always demands some corroboration of the girl's statement, and that is in most cases impossible to get. We are working as hard as we can to suppress this alarming condition of things, but it seems to be a growing evil."

Magistrate Crane said: "I have had many of these cases since I have been sitting in Essex Market."

"It is the worst form of crime known to me. It is a black stain on the fair name of this city that such traffic should exist. Just the law is greatly hampered in dealing with these creatures."

"I always hold such as come before me for Special Sessions. What is done with them there I cannot say, but I am afraid that the percentage of convictions is not so large as it should be."

WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for the thirty-six hours, ending at 4 P. M. Sunday, for New York City and vicinity: Moderating, with rain or snow to-night. Sunday occasional rains. Light to fresh south to east winds.

Babe at Play Fatally Burned.

While playing around a stove this afternoon Cleo La Sato, two years old, of 365 Mott street, was badly burned about the body. He was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he will die.

Stop that Cough and Work off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets Cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

HARLEM FIRE STARTED BY AN INCENDIARY.

The fire in the big apartment house at Ninety-seventh street and Park avenue is believed by many of the firemen to have been of incendiary origin.

The owner had just finished rebuilding the upper floors of the building, which was burned a few months ago. An investigation will be made by the Fire Department.

OLD WOMAN, UNABLE TO MOVE, BURNED TO DEATH.

Mrs. Mary McFarland, sixty-five years old, was burned to death at her home, 209 Ross street, Brooklyn, late this afternoon. Mrs. McFarland was ill in bed and alone. While attempting to light an alcohol lamp and heat some water, she overturned it and the clothes ignited. Neighbors dragged her from her apartments, but she died shortly after the arrival of a surgeon from the Eastern District Hospital.

FOOTBALL GAMES TO-DAY.

- At Annapolis—Navy, 0; Columbia, 11.
- At Philadelphia—Indians, 6; U. of Pa., 16.
- At West Point—Bucksell, 10; West Point, 18.
- At Schenectady—Union, 0; St. Stevens, 0.
- At New Haven—Harvard Freshmen, 18; Yale Freshmen, 0.
- At Hanover—Brown, 11; Dartmouth, 5.
- At Washington—First half—U. of Va., 0; Georgetown, 5.
- At Chicago—First half—Wisconsin, 0; U. of Chicago, 5.
- At Amherst—First half—Amherst, 12; M. I. T., 0.

THOUSANDS WATCH BIG HARLEM FIRE.

Seven-Story Apartment-House on Madison Avenue in Flames.

Fire was discovered at about 4:40 o'clock this afternoon in the seven-story flat at the northwest corner of Ninety-seventh street and Madison avenue. The flames spread rapidly, and when the fire engines arrived it was seen that the blaze would prove a dangerous one and three more alarms were turned in. The big building was surrounded, but it was so located that, swept by fire, it contained great danger to the surrounding structures.

MOTHER PAWNS SHOES.

Charged with Spending Money for Liquor and Sent to Island.

Mrs. Mary Bartenberg, of 2422 Eighth avenue, was arraigned to-day before Magistrate Cornell, of the Harlem Court, on the charge of taking the shoes from her children and pawning them for liquor.

She has five small children and when seen by Agent Cole, of the Gerry Society, they had nothing to eat.

The woman was sent to the island for six months. The children were placed in a home at Greenpoint.

The father is a hard-working truck driver.

Princeton Overwhelmed by the Giants of New Haven on Osborn Field.

Tigers' Brave but Futile Struggle to Withstand the Terrible Onslaughts of the Blue.

The line-up.

(Special to The Evening World.) OSBORN FIELD, PRINCETON, N. J.—The shell locomotive yell of Princeton, blended with the jumbled collection of "Yale" at Yale, rent the air this afternoon. There was no need to ask the meaning of it. It was only the annual football struggle of the teams of Yale and Princeton.

The field-work, that was another story. None was ever more fit for a gridiron struggle. It was neither soft nor hard. It was in fit shape as was every one of those twenty-two young knights of the purple who struggled, tumbled and rolled about in unknown to land the laurels of victory. That was one consolation for the players. Then they had enough to inspire them to win anything.

Every stand held its quota of tenants.

As far in the minority that they were not expected to count for anything. Time was when the Yale and Princeton game furnished a great betting proposition. But it was another story this year. Level to the old college of Princeton has been the cause of some betting. What was laid was odds at 4 to 1 on Yale, but there was not enough to keep a working man in cash over winter. There was Yale money in abundance to bet before the game, but the whole better took it back to their Connecticut homes.

Borrowed Policemen.

The town of Princeton is not overrun with policemen, but on this day, which is looked to as an annual event, there had to be a few present to subdue the boisterous and dare-devil collegians. Princeton contributed its force, and the one hundred and thirty men who were sent received a hearty welcome. They got the college cheer, with the wind up of "Good night, good night" and they did a company drill to the edification of the waiting multitude.

The gates hung open at 1 o'clock, and the leucophaea rushed and hustled in any old way. The spacious stands soon began to fill, and with the filling the singing and cheering increased. The streets, which had all morning been made to look like Broadway after a rainstorm, were cleared.

Greeted Yale Viceroyally.

Down at the station a huge mob was present and the Yale team got a greeting as vociferous as if they were in their own town. The players were jostled and pushed about and had great difficulty in making their way to the carriages. They looked it as the most aged Yale and predicted an easy afternoon's work.

They did skirt dances and waltzes before going into their dressing rooms at the rear of the south stand and for

songs just as if they were opera stars. Princeton's fling was prophesied in those lines. But the hopes which the boys of Old Nassau had cherished earlier in the day strengthened to a point where they expected really to win.

Whatever happened, nobody would be able to say Princeton didn't try.

With Yale at his position at fullback the wearers of the blue could see nothing but victory. "How Well They Tare the Tigers' Liner" was their favorite song, but the Tigers' followers made no boastful threats. They just sat by and chanted "Work for Old Nassau." It

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A Low Tackle.



His Jolt on the Ball.



If the Ball Sought Revenge.